

THE
KNIGHT ERRANT,

CHARACTERS.

Comic Musical Piece,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

ROYAL CIRCUS,

IN

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

Printed in the Year 1789.

Harding D175



CHARACTERS.

DON GARCIA, *who affects Necromancy,* Mr. Cavanaugh.

DON CARLOS, (*fond of Drinking and
Knight Errantry,*) Mr. Davis.

PEDRO, *his Squire,* Mr. Mapples.

ALONZO, *Nephew to D. Garcia,* Mr. Lowe.

DORINDA, *D. Garcia's Ward,* Mrs. Leffler.

BIRTHA, *her Maid,* By a Young Lady.



THE
KNIGHT ERRANT.

SCENE I. *a Room in Don Garcia's House.*

Don Garcia dress'd as a Magician. Dorinda.

R E C I T A T I V E.

D. Garcia. My Riches, Honours, Person, hence be
thine,
And Carlos must all thoughts of thee resign;
Fiends, Spectres, Racks and Tortures I'll assemble,
Shall cause this valiant Knight to quake and tremble.

A I R.

Arise! Arise!
Demons of each luckless Hour,
Rise obedient to my power:
Louring Storms now fill the Air,
Messengers of black Despair:
Sprites and Spectres all combine.
Attend my privy Council strait,
Where in serious Debate,
We'll resolve,
And involve
This Knight Errant;
And I'll warrant
Thou, Dorinda, shall be mine.
[Exit D. Garcia.]

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dorinda. Hah! hah! hah! hah! (*laughing heartily*)
Yes, you may boast your Majic Arts and Stuff,
And Carlos truly is quite mad enough:
Yet there's a Saying, if I don't mistake,
Reformed Rakes the best of Husbands make.

But, my Alonzo ! wherefore, gentle Youth,
Dost tarry thus ? Thy Constancy and Truth
Do all thy Sex's Virtues far excell.
But give *Love* but an Inch, he'll take an Ell.

A I R.

At first like an Infant appearing,
With neither his Bow nor his Darts ;
To his Wiles we attend without fearing,
Till he creeps by Degrees to our Hearts.

When soon for our Folly requited,
This guest the sole Master we find ;
For scarce to the Bosom invited,
But he lords it at Will o'er the Mind.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But, see the Youth appears. (*Enter Alonzo*)

A I R.

I.

Alonzo. Thy beauteous Form, for ever,
Is present to my Eyes ;
To grasp it I endeavour ;
The false Illusion flies.

II.

The gentle Breeze that's straying,
And sporting thro' the Grove ;
Each Zephyr softly playing
In Vain, I think my Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dorin. But say, Alonzo,—tell me of your Fate.
How got you Entrance ?

Alon. —At the Garden Gate,
I met my Uncle, who, without Suspicion
Of my Mind's Errand, gave me a Commission
To trick poor Carlos. For I'm to enact
A curious Character ; which may, in Fact,
Confound the Knight in his nocturnal Rout.

Dor.

Dor. But see, Alonzo; see, he waits without,
For your Return:

D U E T T.

Alon. Deign, oh deign! ye Pow'rs above,
To smile propitious on our Love.

Dor. No more let anxious Fear or Care,
My long distracted Bosom tear.

Alon. But blest in Hymen's gentle Sway,
We'll pass each Hour of Life away.

(*Exeunt severally*)

S C E N E II. *A Hall.*

Don Carlos, Pedro and others drinking.

A I R.

I.

D. Carlos. Come, jolly Knights, don't spare the
Wine;
Drink, drink, untill your Noses shine.
Let's empt each Flask, for I assure ye,
Wine much augments our martial Fury.

II.

Sometimes 'tis ours to fight a Giant;
And tallest Knights not half so high ar't.
The *lesser* Man, to beat the *bigger*,
Had need be much the *larger* Swigger.

III.

So when the Word's to 'tack a Dragon,
We first should tofs off a whole Flaggon;
For how can we his Fire oppose,
Better than with a fiery Nose?

IV.

Or when we *pay the* Honours due
To Damsels fair,—and cruel too;
We find the Grape's enliv'ning juice,
At such a Time, of Sov'reign use.

V.

Don Quixote, Sirs (*a Hickup*)—twixt you and me—
Was never fit for Chivalry:
For how cou'd he a Windmill cuff,
Who never got half drunk enough,

Enter BIRTHA, hastily.

BIRTHA. Rouse! rouse! Don Carlos. Here you
fit drinking still,
Whilst Garcia keeps my Mistress 'gainst her Will.
Besides, your Honor's touch'd by Words so base;
Why, Sir, he swears your Whiskers from your Face
He'll tare, when once you are within his Claws:
And send you yelping home with naked Jaws.

D. Carlos. BIRTHA, cheer up.—For all his Threats
and bouncing,
I'll seek him out, and give him a good trouncing.
Your Pardon Knights (*bowing respectfully*) this being
a Lady's Case,
All other matters must of course give place.

Pedro. Woud't please your Honor's Grace that I
Shou'd have a Finger in this Pye;
Or, 'hap a Conj'ers just a Meal
For your vast Stomach—

D. Carlos. 'Sblood! I feel
Myself so valiant, I shall not divide
The Conquest, Pedro,

Pedro. Sir, I'm fatisfy'd,—(*bowing*)

D. Carlos. The rank Old Fox, to covet my fair
Sposa!
By all that's brave, I'll tip him a Mendoza.

A I R.

I.

O! I'll dash him,
Cut him, slash him,
Kick him, bang him, thump him;
O! I'll bind him hand and foot,
And 'gainst the Wall I'll bump him.
Hand and Foot,
Zounds. I'll do't!
He as well
Might be in Hell,
So cursedly I'll lump him.

II.

O! this Chance!
'Twill so enhance,
The Valour of Don Carlos!
Dorinda fair, when we, set to't,
Shall heave a Sigh for Carlos.
Blood and Suet!
We'll go to it.—
He as well
Might be in Hell,
As in the Hands of Carlos.

SCENE III. *An Apartment in D. Garcia's House.*

Don Garcia, Dorinda.

R E C I T A T I V E.

D. Garcia. Damsel, e'er 'tis too late, accept my
Hand;

And hence my Magic Skill's at your command.

Dorinda. Why as to all your Tricks and Fancies;
Your Fortune-telling and Romances;
Our good, or our ill fate divining,
From Stars, which at our Birth were shining.—

A I R.

I.

Why, what can you tell us? We know all the past;
 Are content with the Fate we're at present possessing;
 And if for the future our Lots are all cast,
 We might there find a Curse, where we hope for a
 Blessing.

What's hid in the Stars, then, is not within our Care;
 We shall know it too soon if its any Vexation;
 If 'tis good Fortune, pleasure's a little too rare,
 To rob ourselves of it by Anticipation.

II.

What folly t'were then, in the Myst'ries of Fate,
 To drive, by a vain, idle impulse directed;
 The Knowledge of ill cannot lessen its weight;
 And Pleasure's most welcome when least it expected.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Whats hid, &c.

Dorinda. Were you an Heir to Crowns and
 Sceptres born,
 Thy ugly Phyz I'd hate, thy Proffers scorn:
 Had you the Queen of all the Indies crown'd me,
 I still shou'd hate you— (*Exit in a Rage.*)

D. Garcia. (*after pausing*) — May my own
 Arts confound me!
 But I'll avenge this saucy Insolence;
 And on Don Carlos seek my Recompence.

D. Garcia. (*Pausing*) Now for my Project, that
 shall low'r the Crest
 Of my mad Rival; and shall give a Test
 Of the vast Prowess of this Errant Knight.—
 I've plann'd it, and it shall be done this Night. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E

SCENE IV. *changes to the outside of Don Garcia's House,*

Enter Don Carlos, drunk.

R E C I T A T I V E.

D. Carlos. Hillo ! Old Miscreant—Odso ! But
he may hear me.—

I say, Old Garcia, *(in a lower Tone)* Now, if he
should queer me ;

And, with a Cudgel of a hellish Thickness,
Shou'd sally forth !—No matter, here's no Witness.

I say, old Syphax, ecod, it may so happen,
That I may storm the Fort, and catch him nap-
ping.

*(Enter Alonzo disguis'd as a Cook Maid, with a
spit in his band.)*

——Carlos, to your arms,—

What Sight is this which all my Power disarms !
*(falls upon his Back, at the same time dropping his
sword, whilst Alonzo points the Spit to his Breast.)*

Good Mrs. Thingumbob, who comes from He-
cate ;

Being a Sister of that Lady's,—as I take it,—
A vanquished Knight, your Prisoner am I.
I've understood, by Books of Chivalry,
Two Witches, Devils, Imps, or Sprites,
Are just a match for twenty Knights.

Now, here's such Odds !—

Alonzo. Peace, hold your Prate ;
Lest, with your Blood and Bones, I satiate
Don Garcia's Anger.——Now, upon Parole
of Honor, you depart.—

D. Carlos. — O ! upon my Soul !

*(Scuffles up his bat, and rises, and runs off, in a
great fright ; when Alonzo takes up his Sword, and
Shield,*

*Shield ; whilst Garcia, at a Window above, joins him
in a hearty laugh, at the Knight's Expence.)*

SCENE V, a Room in Don Carlos' House.

Pedro and Birtba.

Birtba. Why 'squire, now ! this so provoking !

Pedro. Ods bodikins ! why, sure you're joking !

Birtba. Joking, Lord, Lord ! not I, believe
me.

No, of all rest you quite bereave me. —

An Air so graceful ! (*viewing him*)

Pedro. ——— a mere Hobler.

Birtba. And then a 'Squire too !

Pedro. ——— Ah ! by Trade a Cobler !

And yet by cobling a Man gets more Pence,

Than by 'Squire-Erranting, and Nonsense.

Birtba. Aye, true, good Pedro,—and then d'ye
fee,

What signifies,—twixt you and me,—

Whether Shoe-making, or what your trade is ?

We don't set up for Lords and Ladies.

Pedro. But be'nt I old and ugly grown ?

What think ye, ha !

Birtba. ——— Why, I must own

You're not Adonis like, or Paris ;

And yet Don Carlos plainer far is ;

Ugly ! if I thought so 'twere strange ill !

Ugly ! you're handsome as an Angel.

A I R.

I.

I own, I thought you, at first sight,

A Mopper, a Baboon, a Fright ;

Or

Or some Hob-gobbling of the night,
Who guilty Creatures waken.
With nose and chin, like Rams-horns, curl'd;
And Brows in furrow'd Wrinkles furled.
Well ! 'tis amazing, in this World,
How one may be mistaken !

II.

For now I see, with half an eye,
You are not old, nor made awry,
Nor do your shambling Trotters ply,
As if by Palsy shaken :
You're young as Ganymede, and fair
Narcissus had not such an Air ;
Well, 'tis amazing, I declare,
How one may be mistaken ?

R E C I T A T I T E.

And then, perchance, 'Squire Pedro may be made
A Count, or Governor ; and leave off trade.

Pedro. Why true, should *be* but prove victo-
rious ;

But I've my Fears.

Birtba. ——— Oh ! t'wou'd be glorious,
For you his 'Squire.

Pedro. ——— Why luck'ye, d'fee ;
Mortal great Things indeed he has promis'd me ;
But then, of his performing I'm afraid.

Birtba. Patience, all is not lost that is mislaid.
A Pig by keeping up, you know, gets fat,

Pedro. Oh ! oh ! my Lady, if you're good at
that.

A I R.

I.

I can proverb it too, ne'er lean on a Rush ;
A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush ;

'Tis

'Tis the Money paid that decides who's the Winner ;
 Who waits on good Fortune's, ne'er sure of a Dinner.
 Out of Sight, out of Mind ; delaying breeds Danger,
 He ought to be cozin'd, who trusts to a Stranger ;
 Heaven take my Friend, and the old one my Brother ;
 Promising's one thing, performing another.

II.

Much may fall out 'twixt the Cup and the Lip ;
 The Builder's Receipt's, the best Sail in the Ship ;
 'Tis a good Thing to lend, but a better to borrow ;
 Pay me to Day, and I'll trust you to morrow ;
 Brag is a good Dog, but hold fast a better ;
 One may guess at a Word, when one knows the first Letter ;
 There's not the most Fire, where we see the most Smother ;
 Promising's one Thing, performing another.

RECITATIVE.

Biriba. Look ! look ! by Geminy, here comes your Master !

Pedro. Without the Lady too ! some curst Disaster

Has surely cross'd him !

Enter Don Carlos.

Biriba. ——— Sir Knight ! dearest me !
 Where's my Lady ? (both speaking)

Pedro. That damn'd conjurer ! (together.)

D. Carlos. ——— Hear me !—hear me !—hear me !

Biriba. Well ?—what ?—how ?

D U E T T.

D U E T T.

Oh ! I'll hang as high as Haman,
But the Knight got thumpr at last.

D. Carlos. Nay, do, prithee stop your Gammon.
Zounds ! your Larum rings so fast !

R E C I T A T I V E.

Birtha. — Well then ?

D. Carlos. — This Necromancer,
(And such Don Garcia is, that I can answer)
To meet me was afraid.—No, he won't fight.—
Of Witches, —Devils—such a woundy Sight,
All dash upon me, he at once let loose ;
To fight such Odds, I was not such a Goose.
No, I surrender'd ———on Parole of Honor—

Birtha. Here comes my Mistress.—Heaven's
Blessings on her ———
Old Garcia too, and other Gentlefolk

D. Carlos. Why what the Plague !—This is a pretty
joke !

*Enter Don Garcia, Dorinda, and Alonzo, who has the
Knight's Sword in one hand, and a Spit in the other.*

Dorinda. Hah ! hah ! hah ! he !

(laughing immoderately.)

Most valiant Knight, we bring a Flag a-truce.
Take charge o' your Prisoner, Cook.

D. Carlos. ———Why, what the Deuce !

Birtha. Oh ! ho ! is this the Cook was so
obliging

To personate of Imps a Legion ;
Besides a Score or two of Witches ?

Pedro. And ruin'd my Master, Body and Breeches.

D. Garcia. Nay, I must beg to interfere.
Be not on Carlos too severe.
He 'as rode his Hobby, I've rode mine.
To him I cheerfully resign

The

The Hand, and, I believe, the Heart
Of my fair Ward—

D. Carlos. Be it my Part
To make her happy as she's fair.

D. Garcia. What say'st, Dorinda?

Dorinda. O! I don't despair
Of Carlos' Goodness, who, I'm well assur'd,
Like my good Guardian, here, is fully cur'd
Of all his Whimsies. But believe me, Sirs,
Dorinda's Hand, nor yet her Heart, concurs
In her kind Guardian's generous Resignation
Of them to Carlos.

Alon. ——— Since an Explanation
On my Part, my kind Friends, must now take Place;
I ask that Hand and Heart.

D. Carl. ——— Oh! that's the Case!

D. Garc. Hah! what my Nephew!—Does
Alonzo dare
To ask Dorinda's Hand.

Biritha. — Aye, you may spare
Yourselves much Pro and Con;—for I dare swear,
A handsome Youth, like him, is more her Choice,
Than such old Codgers—

D. Garc. ——— Prithee hold your Noise,
Miss Prate-apace!——

D. Carl. — Come, come; 'twixt you and me,
Friend Garcia, we're two Fools.
We're old and past it, Friend;—the Show's gone by.

D. Garc. Come, let Dorinda chuse, and I'll
comply.

Dor. What Time the warning Bell shall ring
The holy Priest to call,
Him to the Temple Love must bring,
Who does my Heart enthrall.
It is not you, or you,—but you (To Alonzo.
Would you know who?
See all !

II.

Alon. No more my Brow with Sadness lours ;
Hence Cares ! we'll not carefs 'em.
We'll not complain ;
A few short Hours
Have put us fairly out of Pain.
Without Suspence, Love ever cloy's ;
And we must first imagine Joys,
Before we can possess 'em.

D. Garc. Come then, your Hands.—May every Joy
attend you :

D. Carl. Here, take my Blessing too ;—Friend
Garcia, I commend you.

D. Carlos. Now, Pedro, as for you, my quondam
Squire ;

Who, like poor *Sancho Panza*, did aspire
At greater things ; you'll now accept my Purse.

Pedro. Nothing's so bad, Sir, but it might be
worse.

You have my thanks ; and if again you catch me
Playing mad Pranks, like these, the Devil fetch me.

D. Garcia. Right Pedro. And let us all this
maxim prize,
That to be happy's only to be wise.

F I N A L E.

F I N A L E.

Chorus.

Silly Dotage, hide your Face.
 Hence, Caprice! to Worth give Place.
 Youth is Cupid's fairest Game,
 Hymen, come, your Rights proclaim.
 Come, at bidding,
 To this Wedding,
 Neighbours all,
 To our Call.

Let the Corno, and the Trumpet sound,
 'Till all the Hearers deafen round.



D. Carle. Come then, your Hand. — May every Joy
 attend you:

D. Carle. Here, take my Blessing too; — Friend
 Gaudin, I commend you.

D. Carle. Now, Pedro, as for you, my grandam
 spouse;

Who, like poor Sanchez Panza, did aspire
 At greater things; you'll now accept my Part.
 Take. Nothing's to bad, Sir, but it might be
 worse.

You have my thanks; and if again you catch me
 Playing mad Tricks, like these, the Devil fetch me.
 D. Carle. Right Pedro. And let us all this
 Maxim prize.

That to be happy's only to be wise.

F I N A L E.

